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After a Shower.

We feel no more the gloom and chill of rain;
The skies are clear and calm, and heaven's blue
The dark'ning thunder-clouds is peering through,
And smiling on the green of waving grain.
The lilacs wave their perfume-laden plumes;
The fruit trees, dressed in festive white and red,
Now feel the South wind's gentle breath, and shed
Upon the air their blossoms and perfumes.

O'er hedge and woodland, clad in tender green,
O'er meadowland and blossomed orchard fair,
The brightening sunlight throws its golden sheen,
And bathes in mellow glow the evening air.
A thousand rainbows in the dew-drops gleam,
And through her tears doth nature smiling seem.

D. A.

The Freedom of the Press.

CLEMENT S. BURGER, '91.

This is a reading age; and ours, to a great extent, is a reading country. The public mind, its tastes and morals are formed chiefly by books, periodicals and newspapers. The United States supports more pamphlets or journals than any other country on the globe, and our rising generation devours also more light literature and trashy novels. For many, the newspaper is a criterion. Whatever absurd proposition the newspaper advances is considered by the ignorant classes as truth. This kind of reading is all but universal, and the press is by far the most efficient government of the country. Our government itself practically is little else than public opinion, and public sentiment is, to a great extent, formed by the press. Indeed, the press is not merely a secondary power, but, by the suddenness of its onset and the strength of its forces, it has conquered all the functions of other forces and taken

upon itself the sole direction of the intellectual and moral destinies of the civilized world.

Taken in its largest sense, the press is, after speech—which it repeats, extends and perpetuates,—the most powerful influence that man wields or can wield. If this power is wielded to improve the moral and intellectual faculties of man it becomes a great benefit to a country; but if it is wielded to disseminate false philosophical principles, to undermine the very foundations of society by spreading anarchical and socialistic ideas, or to plant the seed of immorality in the hearts of our youths, it becomes a powerful agent of evil.

In this country we have established the *régime* of liberty; and that *régime*, with its attendant good and evil, must be accepted in its principle and in its logical consequences. Daily we hear the cry of liberty raised by the deep and rolling voice of the street orator and re-echoed in the hearts of the masses; yet how many understand the word? In its fullest sense, liberty means the power of choosing between doing and not doing, or between right and wrong; but true liberty is the power of making a right choice. This power is inherent in our very nature, and no amount of coercion is able to irradicate it. The power of saying "I shall" and "I shall not" has been implanted in our nature by the hand of our Creator to be used at our discretion; and so absolute is this power that not even He Himself can make us say *no* when we wish to say *yes*.

Although we have this power, and on that account cannot morally be compelled, yet we can be restrained from the full exercise of this power. No one can restrain us from entertaining convictions contrary to those of another man; but we can be compelled not to make public our opinions, or, if we do, we can be punished. This is called a free country, not because we

have no code of laws, but because the masses, through their representatives, rule the country. According to this law perjury is punished by imprisonment, and murder by hanging; we must respect the rights of our fellow-citizens, and make our individual interests subservient to the common good; and, finally, the rights of a few citizens are restricted so as to insure the peace and prosperity of the community in general.

Similarly, then, may the press be restricted so that the rights of citizens and the morals of the country may be preserved. It must be evident that an unlimited liberty of the press is absurd since it is contrary, not only to the moral order, but even very frequently to the welfare of society at large and individuals in particular. It would be as much as permitting anyone to spread anarchical and socialistic ideas that would undermine the whole social building. Men entertaining such ideas know too well how to employ sophistical reasonings, and thereby gain confidence in the hearts of the masses. To every sensible man the defusion of all ideas without discrimination for age or person within a community must become a hindrance to the welfare of that community. The constant reading of pamphlets directed against God or the existing form of government will eventually subvert our convictions; and the reading of books that, under the plea of *realism*, describe nature, not as it is but as the writer wishes to color it, will prove detrimental both to the good order and morality of a country.

It is incumbent on the State to protect the rights of citizens, and to make laws for their material welfare; and as its representatives are bound to protect persons and property, they are also obliged to prevent, as far as possible, the spreading of all that is calculated to injure the rights of its citizens.

In the light of principles the press should be restricted; but in practice the question ought to be solved according to the Constitution. Of the different forms of government each has, as it were, its *measure*, according to which is judged the freedom of speech and of the press. The monarch may silence the press, and prevent it from exposing the internal working of the government and the tyrannical acts of the ruler, whereas, in a democracy like ours the press has full sway to criticise every act of the ruler or any public person. Yet, even here there is a restriction in so far as the person criticised may sue the press for libel, and then all the charges must be proved in court.

In the hands of heedless and evil-minded men the free press, as it exists in this country,

becomes a fearful instrument for evil; but in the hands of honest citizens it is no less an instrument for good. To defend the right, to advance the truth, to maintain order, morality, intelligence and civilization, is the duty of the free press in the modern world, and cannot be given up for the sake of escaping the evils which flow from its abuse. Certainly, we should reduce the bad consequences to the minimum; but its good influences are so great that, no matter how great the evils which flow from the perversion of a free press, it could not be restricted by public authority without the loss of a still greater good.

There are two chief abuses to which the press is prone and which are obstacles to its educational influence. The first is the tendency, on the part of its conductors, to publish what will please the readers rather than what will instruct them. The other abuse arises from the influence of sinister interests.

These abuses are such as tend to enlarge and perpetuate themselves. Not the least of evils is the necessity journalism is under to get readers, and to do this it must echo public opinion or party feelings, defend causes that should be condemned and flatter passions already too strong. Instead of using its influence to correct public sentiment and to raise the standard of morality, its conductors frequently attempt to discover what is for the moment popular, whether it is right or not, then to spread this opinion, and to denounce all that do not agree with this opinion. They are unmindful of the saying: *Fiat jus ne orbis pereat*—"Let right be done lest the world perish"—and of the fact that it is the unpopular truth, the cause of the wronged and oppressed, the poor and friendless that needs the support of the journal.

But this is not all. Wishing to be always on the popular side, the press generally plants its standard on the lowest general average of intelligence and virtue. Instead of elevating the standard of morality, its constant tendency is to lower this average by its debasing influence. Daily, public morals become more corrupt until the public mind becomes so vitiated and weakened by its destroying influences that it will neither relish nor profit by the sounder works needed as remedies.

It is boasted that popular literature describes nature as it is, or shows forth society in its true colors, and is therefore true—and truth is never immoral. This is very ingenious reasoning, and would surely justify our so-called realists in describing, as they claim, nature as it is. We grant that the truth, when truthfully told and truthfully received, is never immoral. But do

the highly spiced novels of the realists show nature in its true colors? No! In these books nature is oftener exhibited in its unseemly than in its seemly moods, and the imagination of the young is compelled to dwell on the grossest vices and corruptions of a degraded spirit. Such writers rather give a certain feature of society, but paint neither high life, nor low life, nor even the mean between these two extremes. They give us a truth distorted nearly beyond recognition by depraved and worthless minds that know too well how to drag the innocent and guileless into their fold.

Closely connected with the first is the second abuse mentioned above. It arises from the fact that men pecuniarily interested in the press are frequently concerned in some other business, and thus are tempted to use this instrument to promote their own business interests, regardless of others' welfare. There is no harm in promoting their business by all legitimate means; but when such men use the right of criticism to revile and calumniate their competitors it becomes an abuse. What was at first rivalry gradually turns into hatred, and then follows vengeance with its evil consequences. Of course, the interest of a special branch of business may be in perfect harmony with the general good; but when this is the case it needs no special advocacy, since such advocacy may give a misleading influence.

Great as are the evil influences and bad consequences of an unbridled press, its liberty could not be suppressed by public authority without depriving us of a still greater good, namely, the right of criticism. In a country such as ours, which neither recognizes nor embodies in its constitution any special form of religion, freedom of the press not only may but ought to be tolerated regarding such religious opinions that are not contrary to public order, sound morality and the natural law. But in a government which has a form of religion approved by the constitution the press may be restricted. The very fact of the government approving of a certain religion must presuppose that religion to be recognized as the only true doctrine, and the supreme authority not only has the right but even the duty to forbid all publications hostile to the tenets and practices of that state religion; and, in case of necessity, men publishing such opinions may be punished according to the law of the country.

The illiberal monarchs of the ancient world could not, and at the same time preserve their crowns, permit freedom of speech. For them, it was a source of security to keep the masses in ignorance about the administration of justice,

for the reason that the people, conscious of the oppressive government and daily violations of their inalienable rights, would have revolted against and overthrown the sovereigns.

To restrict the freedom of the press in a country where the republican form of government is established, and where democratic institutions flourish, would be a violation of its rights and an attack upon its mission. Its chief function is the exposure of abuses and of crimes, whether they occur in private life, in city or county offices, in the court room, or in the departments of the General Government. Here it stands ready to expose the ambitious schemes of unprincipled men, and to defend the God-given rights of honest and law-abiding citizens. But, when the press is hampered in the discharge of what has become one of its most important duties, then it no longer can pry into dark and obscure places in the hope of bringing criminals to justice. It must pass over in silence the sinister motives that actuate tyrannical and ambitious men. No longer could the press criticise the actions of our public officers without fear of injury. But such is not the case. To-day, the press stands forth as the protector of the innocent, the scourge of ambitious men and the defender of the rights and liberties of citizens.

Geological Changes.

Just as the future is hidden from our vision by a dark, impenetrable veil, so is there a time past with which at first sight there would be no means of becoming acquainted. Nor does this seem unreasonable; man did not appear till long after this time, so that there is no use prowling about the country searching for archaic pyramids or manuscripts. How, then, are we to light up this darkness that covers ages? The Indian, left to his own resources, obtains much valuable information merely from his habit of close observation. By noticing the species of vegetation in a locality, he can usually tell whether or not there is water near the place; by examining carefully the imprints on the ground, he can easily tell what kind of animals abound in that part of the country. This faculty of observation is the foundation of all the sciences, but more particularly of geology. In the natural sciences we have types to start from, and these branch out into systematically arranged classifications. In the physical sciences and in the mathematics we begin with set principles that have either been demonstrated

or that are self-evident; but geology depends upon absolutely nothing but observation. From noticing certain effects produced by certain causes, we reason by analogy and make practical application, but no one can say that the hypothesis is absolutely correct. For this reason, geology has not attained to the dignity of a true science; it is called a speculative science.

Probably no study has been so misinterpreted as that of geology. Some laughed at it, and said that its advocates were after an impossible something; others were of the opinion that it was a new method of studying the black arts; while the few remaining ones appreciated the fact that under the name lay a deep and important study.

The object of geology is to reveal some of the evolutions through which the earth has passed since the creation. It teaches the arrangement and the nature of rocks, and from them to read the history of the successive changes in the sphere, for it is evident that great changes both gradual and convulsive have taken place since the creation. The agencies that have caused these changes are numerous, but space will permit the mention of only the principal ones. The most important of these is life, both animal and vegetable.

The beautiful coral islands—from which each tourist thinks it his bounden duty to bring home enough to load down an express wagon—are the secretions of minute animals called *polypi*. The waters carry sand along and this fills up the interstices between the corals until it reaches the surface. Seed, carried either by the wind or the birds, is dropped on this sand, vegetation springs up, and a new island is formed. Again, as one approaches the coast of England, he sees huge white cliffs stretching along as far as the eye can reach. These rocks are of pure chalk, and are formed of the remains of millions upon millions of microscopic animals. By placing a little of the powder under the microscope, the shells of these animals can easily be seen. They are of different shapes, and are known as the *Foraminifera*.

The action of the waters is another important factor in geological changes. The currents of rivers are continually bringing down soil which is deposited when the force of the current is diminished. Sometimes—as in the case of the Mississippi—the alluvial deposits are made at the mouth of the river, forming a swamp-like island. When there has been a wet season, and the country through which a river flows has been inundated, the greater volume of water and the increased slope occasion more velocity in

the current, and the erosion is proportionately great. Again, glaciers, in their movement, cause the transportation of material from one locality to another. They have their origin in high mountains where there is a constant accumulation of snow. As the movement of the glacier depends on gravity, the rate of motion will vary with the inclination of the path down which the glacier travels. The rate of motion is but from twelve to eighteen inches a day, but its giant force in dislodging and carrying down immense rocks of many tons easily makes up for the lack of speed. The glacier is laden with stones and earth that either fall from the heights above, or are carried down by avalanches. As the glacier moves down, the stones abrade against the rocks along the path and consequently produce erosion. In melting, the stones fall from the glacier, and by this means the whole path of a bygone glacier can sometimes be traced. Geologists claim that Lake Erie was formed by a glacier, as there is a distinct row of rocks and stones stretching in a north-western direction. As these stones are foreign to the locality, and are of the same class as those belonging farther north, we may be reasonably assured that the conclusion is a correct one.

Perhaps the greatest factor in geological changes is heat. It may be a rather sudden transition from a glacier to intense heat, but we must be prepared for all sudden surprises in the scientific world. The heat that comes under consideration comes mainly from the sun, and from the earth itself. That which comes from the sun is effective mainly in the melting of glaciers. Of the earth's heat more is to be said.

That the interior of the earth is in a state of intense heat may be well established. The shape of the earth is not that of a sphere. Of course, ask the schoolboy what is its shape, and his eyes assume a dreamy, far-off look, while he utters mechanically, "round like a ball." But this is not exactly correct; the earth is a spheroid, for the polar diameter is twenty-six miles less than the equatorial diameter. This goes to prove that the whole mass was at one time in a state of fusion, and the surface cooled and hardened in the shape the mass had assumed by virtue of the centrifugal force caused by its revolutions. Again, in boring deep wells it has been noticed that the temperature increases one degree for every sixty-four feet of descent. In this latitude, at this rate, water would boil at about ten thousand feet, and iron fuse at about thirty-five miles.

But the most conclusive proof of intense internal heat is the evidence afforded by vol-

canoes. Even when in a quiet state an active volcano will emit vapors; but in the time of activity the spectacle is terrible: a jet of molten rock is thrown hundreds of feet high, and, falling, runs down the side of the mountain, forming a stream of fire. The cause of volcanic eruptions is supposed to be the accumulation of gases that, when a certain pressure is reached, cause a rise of molten rock in the crater. As the level of the molten mass nears the edge of the pit, being in a state of ebullition on account of the rising gases, it is thrown upward. Volcanic eruptions are sometimes accompanied by earthquakes, or by the sinking of the earth in the vicinity, on account of the undermining caused by the outflow of lava.

Such, in brief, are some of the forces in which nature makes known her strength. Of course, we have no general convulsion of the earth, such as must have taken place in ages past when whole mountain chains were formed at a time; but, on the whole, we can do very well without them. We are perfectly content to study the probable causes of those that have already been formed, without witnessing the operation.

It may seem bold in geologists to attempt to solve the mysteries of nature's workings; but let it be remembered that it is but few that have been touched, and those but the simpler ones; the others have well-nigh been given up in despair. The field is large, and those who would can drink in knowledge at nature's well.

P.

Bishop Spalding on "Books."*

MY DEAR YOUNG GENTLEMEN:

Yesterday I spoke to the little boys, to-day I want to speak more particularly to the big boys. As I have said, all boys are more or less in a barbarous state of development; but I always remember and feel that they present untold promise. There is mystery about every boy not observed in men. From a man's past we can judge what his future work will be; but who knows what may be made of any boy? St. Thomas and Newton—two of the brightest and greatest minds,—when boys, were looked on as dull and unpromising. No boy need despair of doing great things. Boys are in the early stages of development. As I told you yesterday, the aim of education is to develop self-activity; and much of this development must come through language. Language is the biography, the history of a people. In it we trace their origin back to the mother race by the original root words.

* A partial report of the lecture delivered before the students on Wednesday, May 27.

Language is found in its perfection in literature, and literature is speech reduced to writing. Since language is the living body of thought, it follows that if we wish to educate ourselves we must make ourselves acquainted with language and literature. Emerson said that in every college worthy of the name there ought to be a professorship of books.

A college is not a place to do useful work. Parents are sometimes very foolish—although we must not say so, or forget the respect due to them. Most of them expect their sons to return from college fully equipped, and prepared to enter immediately into the activity and strife of business life.... The best place to train boys for practical work is in the shop and the counting house....

If we are not striving to educate our young men for practical work, what we do strive for is to make them acquainted with literature; with the highest intellectual work that has been done; with the best that has been said or written, in every country, in every age. It is in books that the best can be found. In them is the life of our race, and there the master-spirits are embalmed.... Milton says: "As well kill a man as kill a good book".... It is as hard to know a great book as to know a great man. It takes a hero to know a hero: servile minds cannot know or appreciate the heroic. In order to know a man you must know the things that man knows. This is true also of books. To know them requires not only labor and thought, but genius and art. If we are to enter into the spirit of an author much is required. It is almost useless to tell the young what is necessary.... All teaching is self-teaching; and when we try to develop this in boys we find it is no harder to hold a multitude of gnats than to hold the attention and earnestness of boys in their barbarous state. If we tell a boy to take up a ball from the ground and he does not bend or stretch for it the ball will remain there. So with books: it is difficult to force a boy to do the stretching and bending necessary to reach the essence of a great book....

The common run of our thoughts is so trivial—on mere narratives about common events. Whatever merely tells and narrates catches the ordinary mind. What do we hear every day, on the street, in the train, in our parlors, but superficial gossip, mere trivial accounts of the accidents of life. When you try to get men to drop this, you ask what can be accomplished only after years.... We can do things well only when we have acquired a habit of doing them. We must acquire facility and perseverance as a habit.... In books there is that which is far better than gold. If we are willing to toil we will find. My boys, at your age you feel stronger than older persons that life is often monotonous. Is not this true when you are in a class-room over a book, and away from amusement and entertainment? We need amusement; we seek to be happy, and we seek what pleases us. So

long as we have not learned the source of happiness given by books we are dependent on superficial, trivial things for entertainment....

Books can make us independent of individuals. They bring us into contact with the greatest and the best. A few books make a library. Are there not plenty of books of humor, of travel, of adventure, of popular science? If we once begin to love these books, are we not relieved from tediousness and from ourselves? How seldom do we hear any genuine humor from those around us. Books are companions never weary, never dull. I remember when, as a boy fifteen years old, I found and read Plutarch's Lives, and how they brought to me such a new world as dawned on Columbus; they brought me into contact with Alexander, Demosthenes, etc. Such a book will awaken in you great thoughts. By this kind of reading we are drawn to continue, to go on higher. We learn to know ourselves by knowing what is not ourselves. If a man knew the whole universe he would be in harmony with God. We learn to love ourselves by knowing what is not ourselves. The great thing is to get out of ourselves, to get away from ourselves. This is what we yearn for when we travel, when we seek for variety, amusement, entertainment. And all this we can get in books.... It is not necessary for you to begin with the wild, criminal books—such as the "Life of Jesse James." It is extremely doubtful if you will ever learn to appreciate truly good literature from beginning on trash. Begin with Robinson Crusoe, Don Quixote and the lives of heroes....

We read books not merely to amuse us but to instruct us. The more we know, the better. Only fools are hurt by knowledge. Books of history are more interesting than any fiction. Take Gibbon's Rome, Carlyle's Revolution, the history of our war for independence and the civil war. Take books on popular science. It is of the greatest possible advantage to know some one science thoroughly, but it is impossible to know all thoroughly. Take one of the popular books on astronomy and read of the inconceivable grandeur of the universe. You will find it is not satisfactory to have only a small smattering; then go on, read higher books on the subject. This lighter reading and beginning of the love of books will lift your thoughts above trivial subjects. When you go into society you will have something noble to talk of. In whatever subject is broached, you will be able to appreciate, or to lead as you will be expected to do as students and educated men.... Clothes do not make the gentleman, nor even manner; you may have an uncouth manner, but nothing is so fascinating as a strong mind. Then, cultivate your mind, and remember when reading that books are not only to amuse but to instruct. The aim of your professors is not so much to impart common knowledge as to arouse your minds to activity. This is the great object, to incite an enthusiasm for mental activity. Books, then, are most useful or best

which arouse the imagination and break down the narrow walls of monotony, insulation and ignorance. No boy will distinguish himself until he has mastered some great book. It is easy to procure and read the opinions of others on great books: thousands of volumes have been written on Shakspeare; but it is better to learn one great book than to read thousands. Give me a man who has really mastered one great book. "Fear the man of one book." To know a book of the greatest kind you must read it hundreds of times. Read for yourself, and make notes and opinions for yourself. Learn to love only what you find profitable; what we don't like does not profit us. I think nothing beautiful because others do.... After you have made your own notes and opinions, it is well and necessary for you to compare them with what others have written. Observe well the style in a great book. Style is a part of the very nature of a great man, and we may say that no man who has not a style of his own is fit to be read.... We find in books inspiration for self-activity.... In proportion as a man rises out of himself, and out of the present, he becomes more manly. We must rise above the childish ideas and trivialities of life, in order that God's image may be brought out in us.

Decoration Day Address.

Delivered by PROF. WILLIAM HOYNES at South Bend, Ind., May 30.

May 5, 1868, John A. Logan, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued general order No. 11, designating May 30 as an appropriate time for "strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late war." No form of ceremony was prescribed. Posts and comrades were directed to arrange the matter in their own way, and as circumstances might permit. But the duty of steadfastly adhering to the observance was strongly enjoined. It was said that—

"We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no vandalism, or avarice, or neglect, or ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

"If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well so long as the light and warmth of life remain to us."

And faithfully they have done so. Well have they kept the trust. Every 30th of May since the publication of that timely and patriotic order they have scattered the choicest flowers of spring over the graves of the comrades at rest. They have decorated the tombs of those "mustered out" with the flag under whose folds in common we marched and fought, faced danger and death.

In May, 1870, the national encampment was held at Washington, and on the 11th of that month the beautiful observance was cordially sanctioned. The 30th of May was formally established as a "Memorial Day." The Grand Army of the Republic was directed to celebrate it annually with appropriate exercises in commemoration of the gallant and patriotic deeds of the men that saved the Union.

This day meet our grand army posts in all parts of

the country, and comrades are detailed to visit the cemeteries where sleep our companions in arms and suitably decorate the graves with flags and flowers.

Flowers are the emblems of our love, and we strew flowers on their graves. And pleased I am to acknowledge the fact that citizens generally enter into the spirit of this beautiful custom and come laden with flowers for the resting places of their dead, as well as for the tombs of our soldier brothers. This fact is assuring. It gives us ground for believing that our trust will fall to faithful hands, and that hallowed will remain the ground where our comrades sleep.

"A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue;
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong."

The nations of antiquity cherished the memory of their defenders in war, and down through succeeding ages this spirit has found expression in marble, monument and mausoleum—in ballad, tradition and story. Every nation, fit to be ranked as civilized, holds hallowed the ground in which rests the dust of its heroes. The fields where they fell are the shrines of its glory, the pride of its people, the inspiration of its song.

In our own country Memorial Day has come to be regarded as one of the most notable and inspiring of our national holidays. It is observed in every state and county, city and community in which our Grand Army posts have being. From the pine-clad halls of Maine and the shores of the stormy Atlantic to the forest depths of western Oregon and the strands of the mighty Pacific, it is honored with becoming ceremonies. It is observed from the line of the Great Lakes all the way to the waters of the Mexican gulf—to the phosphorescent waters that sparkle under tropical skies in the distant South. To-day almost every cemetery—every God's acre—in the land is decked with the emblems of our national sovereignty. In the shade of the cypress flutter to-day hundreds of thousands of the emblems of our country's independence, peacefully marking the places where rest the brave men to whose valor they owe their proud significance, their glorious distinction as colors of the greatest and freest republic ever established on God's green earth.

Meet it is, then, that the flag of the Republic should mark the graves of our comrades. Without their bravery and courage, their fortitude and sacrifices, the starry flag would to-day have small significance and doubtful authority, if it should even remain to us as our nation's standard. It would mean a union severed, a nation dismembered, a government dependent for existence upon the concurring interests of the states comprising it. Aye, it would mean a national sovereignty so impotent that the states could secede at pleasure. It would mean a government so feeble as to invite the contempt and ridicule of foreign nations. It would signify lines of custom houses along the Ohio and the Potomac to emphasize the completeness and finality of the separation of the South from the North and to restrict intercourse and trade between the two sections. It would signify large standing armies under two flags along the line of those rivers. It would signify a standing military force of more than 200,000 men on territory now amply protected by less than one-eighth of that number. It would suggest the ultimate secession of the Pacific coast states and the formation in that quarter of another government. It would mean heavy taxes, an impoverished nation, a discontented people. It would mean foreign aggression and the domination of foreign influences. It would mean anarchy, decay and subversion for the republics of South America. It would mean that government of the people, for the people and by the people had ceased to be practicable and given ominous signs of perishing altogether from the earth.

By the ceremonies of Memorial Day we testify to our appreciation of the heroic deeds and patriotic services of the men that averted those evils. And meet it is that we should do this; for they deserve well of the country; they deserve well of the people; they earned a debt of gratitude that we can never adequately repay. Never, in all the years of which history takes cognizance, were the services of patriotic men more fruitfully directed to

the accomplishment of results glorious and enduring—results that give free government assurance of uninterrupted perpetuity among men—results that serve to promote the highest interests of civilization and humanity.

But, notwithstanding the glorious events and ennobling patriotism which we celebrate, there is a nameless sadness in many of the incidents of the day. Its recurring observance is attended in increasing measure with a deep feeling of impressiveness and solemnity. We see all too conspicuously and realize all too painfully that every year we have more and more graves to decorate. Never the *reveille* now! Ever the taps! Ever that weirdly familiar call, "Lights out!" So solemn! So suggestive of encroaching darkness, the final "Good night," the last muster out! More than half of those that wore the blue and marched to the grand wild music of war to-day rest in peace under the flag they saved and the flowers appreciatively placed upon their graves by comrades and surviving friends. Hardly a million of all the magnificent armies that fought for freedom still abide with us. Even the youngest who then marched forth to do battle for our country are now well on in the years of matured manhood. While it is true that our armies were very largely composed of the youth of the land, yet those four gloomy, trying and perilous years of rebellion and internecine war passed by with leaden feet and meant in their effects—in the strain incident to their privations and hardships, marches and battles, sickness and wounds—as great a loss of vital power and youthful vigor as would the lapse of a period thrice as long in the civil walks of life. So it is not surprising that the marks of advancing age should become prematurely manifest in the boys that wore the blue? Into the events of their four years of service they wove many years of their lives. And thus it is that so many of them prematurely cross the dark river. It is sad to think that, according to the present rate of mortality, we shall have about 25,000 additional graves to decorate when the next Memorial Day comes.

At that rate of mortality the splendid organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic, so noble in its objects, so trustworthy in its patriotism, so true to its conception of duty, must after a few years disappear forever. In this respect it differs from other organizations. They may continue indefinitely, for their ranks can be filled from year to year, or month to month; but not so with the depleted ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic. When the men who safely bore the nation's banner through the blaze of battle and the hurricane of fire are no more, the Grand Army of the Republic must cease to be. In less than two score years it must be in the keeping solely of history and the grateful remembrance of an appreciative people. But forever must it live in that way! Forever the muse of history must cherish and preserve it as embellishing one of the brightest pages of her luminous annals! Associated with events as grand as ever inspired the hopes of the lowly, as ever limned the bow of promise on the sky, as ever fired the hearts of freemen, as ever nerved the arm of patriotism, as ever thrilled the soul or wrought it to purpose fixed and invincible, the men who did battle for the Union have earned a conspicuous place in history for this soldier organization—an organization so peculiarly and exclusively their own. Let us hope, too, that they have succeeded in infusing its spirit into and impressing its character upon their fellow citizens; for never has existed an organization more loyal or more devoted to the welfare of the country and the maintenance in all integrity of her free institutions. Confidently she may count upon their love, their services, their lives. Not truer points the needle to the pole than does their affection to the flag they saved. For them no compromise with anarchy. For them no indulgence of anything subversive of law and order. For them no toleration of anything that can impair the strength, obscure the glory or retard the progress of our common country. Not one of them—whether highest in the councils of the nation or living upon the crust of charity in the helplessness of unrequited disabilities—but feels proud of the fact that years of his life were identified with and woven into the events that saved the Republic and established the Union upon a firm and enduring foundation.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-FOURTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Very Rev. Father General is now at Lourdes, France. A cablegram was received by Rev. President Walsh on Thursday announcing the arrival of the venerable Founder at that celebrated shrine of Our Lady and his paternal remembrance of all at Notre Dame. We are glad to learn that Father General has been greatly benefited by the voyage and is rapidly regaining his wonted health and vigor.

The Solemnity of Corpus Christi.

The solemnization of the Feast of Corpus Christi at Notre Dame is always a notable event in the year. From all the surrounding country, far and wide, flock crowds of earnest, pious people to assist at the beautiful ceremony, and to give honor to Our Lord in the Sacrament of His Love. The great festival never comes unawares. For weeks before the feast-day busy hands have toiled to make the occasion a true gala-day for body and soul. The beautiful temple which graces the fore-part of the college grounds has been tastefully decorated; its richest vestments are set out for use, and the liturgy seems to borrow special pomp and ceremony. Nor is the aspect of the environments less pleasurable. Sprinkled over all the place are spots of brilliant

color—flaming flags, varicolored prints and arches wound in the most gorgeous streamers. Beautiful statues and other devotional objects are seen here and there along the principal ways, and seem to the casual visitor, who strays along these paths, exemplars of the recollection and seriousness that should fill his own soul.

The festival, as it was celebrated this year, was of unwonted splendor and magnificence. It seemed as if nature and art had conspired to enhance the beauty of the occasion. The morning dawned fair, and the sun rose bright in a cloudless sky. The clear, smooth surface of the lake was unstirred by any breath of wind, and the thick foliage had borrowed new freshness from the nocturnal dews.

Presently the bell pealed out from the church tower, and crowds began to gather. At eight o'clock, the Very Rev. Father Corby, assisted by the Revs. J. Kirsch and J. T. Boland, left the sacristy and, preceded by acolytes and clergy, repaired to the altar, where Solemn High Mass was begun. The choir, that the service might not be oppressive by reason of the heat, sang a Mass in plain chant; and whereas we have often had occasion in these columns to felicitate these young gentlemen, it is now our duty, as an impartial critic, to pronounce their last effort much below their own standard. After Mass the clergy retired to the sacristy to prepare for the solemn procession, and meantime Rev. Father O'Neill, C.S.C., delivered an eloquent and stirring exhortation to devotion to the Most Holy Eucharist. At its conclusion the procession formed. Headed by the Cross, it wound slowly round before the college entrance to where a beautiful altar had been erected by Bro. Paul Hermit and zealous confrères. Benediction was here given, and loud-sounding volleys from platoons of the Militia marked the beginning and end of the blessing. The procession again formed, and only now could the throng of devout worshippers find a place in its ranks. Following the Cross were the Minims, then the Juniors and Seniors with several companies of the soldiers, then the Band, then the Community, choir and clergy and, borne along under a rich canopy amid dazzling lights and swinging censers, the Blessed Sacrament Itself. Next was a long line of *Religieuses* and lastly the great throng of visitors.

As the procession moved along the shady way that winds around the lake to the Novitiate, an adequate view of its rare beauty could be obtained. Banners of blue and white and red, mingling with the regulation costume of the Militia and the festive garb of the other pro-

cessionists, were mirrored perfectly in the clear water, in whose calm depths the figures seemed to move enchanted. As they drew near the Novitiate, decorated with the best art in festoons and ornamented with figures in evergreens, a large altar of superb beauty was seen set against the main entrance. Murmurs of unfeigned admiration came to the lips of all at sight of this beauteous work which was ascertained to be the result of Mr. J. De Groot's skill and good taste. Benediction was again given here, while rifle-shots awoke the echoes; and as the procession moved along towards Calvary, it was impossible not to notice the neatness of the walks and roads, which reflected much credit on the industry of Mr. J. Burns and efficient collaborators. Calvary was soon approached, and the Blessed Sacrament reposed for a few minutes on one of those tasteful, splendid altars which Father French and the Seminarians know the secret of erecting. After the Benediction here the march was again continued, passing the while under arches of dazzling splendor. When the church was again reached the bells pealed out joyously once more, final Benediction was given, and the congregation dispersed.

It was consoling to note the piety of the people during the entire ceremony; we ourselves witnessed many instances of faith which edified us not a little. The altars, as we have already remarked, were triumphs of decorative art; and, though saying it may be invidious, that of the Novices was perhaps most admired. Besides the abundant blessings which always come to those who work for God's honor, the thanks of the Community are surely due those who labored so zealously to lend magnificence to the celebration of Corpus Christi. B.

Memorial Day at Notre Dame.

A NEW FEATURE THIS YEAR IN THE OBSERVANCE OF THE DAY.

MILITARY MASS.

May 30, which is set apart as a legal holiday to commemorate the heroes who died in the late civil strife that shook this mighty Republic from centre to circumference, was solemnly observed by the Faculty and students. The great feature of the occasion was the grand military Mass, celebrated for the first time at Notre Dame. The celebrant was the Very Rev. Father Corby, C. S. C., a veteran chaplain of the famous "Irish Brigade" in the army of the Potomac. The

college choir rendered—under the direction of Prof. Liscombe, Bro. Basil presiding at the organ—Schmidt's Mass, a grand composition, in a most creditable manner, and the impression produced was one that will be a lasting benefit to all who had the pleasure of hearing it. A special feature of this Mass was the part taken in it by the Notre Dame Cadets.

Military Masses, although at times seen on the field, are seldom, if ever, witnessed elsewhere. In immediate preparation for a military Mass, orders are passed from post to post, and the entire camp is roused almost to a feverish expectation of the solemn joy in store for the day. Like David, with the thirty thousand chosen men of Israel bringing the Ark in triumph amid the music of many instruments and the chorus of seven choirs to the royal city, so the faithful are wont to inaugurate a solemnity of surpassing splendor in a field Mass. Near the time fixed, orderlies dash through camp on their restless steeds with various orders; bands start their martial strains, and the soldiers keep time in well-defined and measured step. All direct their movements towards the modest altar, and, having arrived, the priest begins the holy Sacrifice. As the celebrant ascends the altar steps after the *Introibo*, the discharge of heavy guns announces the commencement of the holy Sacrifice. The sublime music then continues till the *Amen* of the *Credo* which is prolonged in long and loud reports of guns to signify a ratification of *Credo in unum Deum*. Alternate music of sweet, well-trained voices and soft, martial music fill up the time from the *Offertory* to the *Sanctus*, the words of which are emphasized by the great guns discharged three several times to re-echo angel voices singing their celestial canticle before the great White Throne. The Time of times comes at the Consecration when tender, sweet devotion takes possession of every soul, and all bow down in adoration. The priest having pronounced the sacred words over the Host lifts It on high, and as Its snowy whiteness glistens in the sunlight, angels alone sing from above, while the drum corps produce a soft, gentle roll on their drums that, in the unbroken stillness, seems to come from afar over distant hills. The soldiers, meantime, stand erect in the attitude of "present arms" (the expression of respect by a body of soldiers), not moving a single muscle the while. The Consecration being over, the heaviest guns and the lighter arms send forth thunders that reverberate in the vaults of heaven, in recognition of the Real Presence—in honor of the King of kings. This

is repeated three times in praise of the Most Holy Trinity. The rolling of drums, the sharp, quick sound of bugles, the plunging of spirited horses startled by the general commotion and by the flags, banners, etc., that flutter in the stiff breeze, give life and festivity to the celebration of this holy service seldom witnessed off the tented plains. At the Communion, and at the words *Et Verbum caro factum est* in the last Gospel, a round of deep-sounding guns proclaim God's great mercy to man. Finally, all march off satisfied that a holy duty was well performed, and sentiments of veneration elevate their souls to the *sublime* in the mansions of eternal bliss.

These few outlines give some notion of a military or field Mass, and such (as far as practicable) was the celebration here on Decoration Day. At the Gospel, Father Corby preached a patriotic sermon. He first explained in brief the ceremonies of a military Mass, as above; then he referred to the Catholic doctrine of offering up sacrifice and prayers for the dead as a more substantial benefit to the soul of the departed soldier than simply sprinkling the graves with flowers; and finally he spoke in stirring terms of the respect and devotion due to the heroes who sleep in honorable tombs—heroes who died as martyrs to the cause of liberty and the preservation of the greatest government on earth; heroes who moved on the march "route step," carrying sixty pounds under the broiling sun of the South; sometimes in mud nearly knee deep; sometimes in clouds of dust so thick that one could not recognize his comrade six feet away; sometimes in raging storms and again in the dead of the night when fatigue and sleep caused many to fall *en route*. These men then faced the minie-balls of conflicting arms and the shells belched from horrid, burning, bronzed throats of monster cannon. Their lives were sacrificed, and they were willing to give up those lives, precious as they were, to keep the flag—the national flag, the Stars and Stripes—proudly floating over a free and powerful republic.

Yes, these men are now dead! but their spirits live marching in triumph through eternity. Their bodies have returned to the original dust, but their heroic deeds of valor are not dead; their acts of devotion to duty are not dead; their love of country and liberty is not dead. And the immortal lessons of patriotism they taught will never die, and are written indelibly on imperishable tablets for the benefit of all future generations. They have left to posterity a priceless legacy.

Let the youth of this generation, then, receive this legacy with trembling hands—the legacy of a free, prosperous republic; the legacy of a republic respected by every nation. This legacy was purchased, not with gold, but with that which is incomparably more precious—the blood of martyred heroes and the tears of orphans and widows. Oh, how sacred the trust given into your hands! Let it be handed down to your children's children without a single star lessened in magnitude and brilliancy! To keep this sacred trust holy and secure, virtue is required. As long as the people are virtuous the nation will stand. Lift the banner of virtue and morality on high! Under this banner your trust will be secure for all centuries to come.

* * *

In the afternoon, at three o'clock, the Faculty and students, led by the University Band and the military companies, marched in procession to the cemetery. When all were gathered in front of the little graveyard chapel the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., who served through the war as chaplain of the 35th Indiana Volunteers in the Army of the Cumberland, arose and offered the following

PRAYER:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

O sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, in whose hands are all the governments of the world, and by whose blessing alone they can prosper, we appear before Thee this day to ask Thee to bless our National Government, which has been created by Thy will and fostered by Thy Providence for the protection of our civil and religious liberty. We thank Thee, O almighty and eternal God, for this the greatest of earthly blessings, and for the preservation of the unity of our magnificent Government, by which alone it could be truly called the United States of America, thus justifying our glorious motto: "E Pluribus Unum." And we thank Thee no less, O God of might and mercy, because in Thy infinite wisdom Thou hast given us these blessings, even at the price of the terrible scourge of civil war. We thank Thee, moreover, because Thou hast revealed Thy glory to us and to all nations, through Jesus Christ, our merciful Redeemer, by whose grace, in the fulfilment of Thy laws, we are enabled to forget all animosities and to forgive all injuries for His sake who commands us to love even our enemies. We pray Thee, therefore, O God of infinite wisdom and justice, that the mild spirit of Christianity may animate our rulers and all those who may be charged with the execution of our laws, that they may administer them in justice, equity and mercy, as Thy representatives. We pray Thee, then, O God of wisdom, that Thou assist, by Thy Holy Spirit of Counsel, the President of these United States, that his administration may be conducted in justice and equity, and that it

may be eminently useful to Thy people over whom he presides, by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion, and by restraining vice and licentiousness. May the light of Thy wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress, so that, by equal justice rendered to all, peace and prosperity may reign through all parts of our country—North and South—and thus perpetuate the blessings of equal liberty. We ask, O Lord, the light of Thy wisdom for his Excellency the Governor of this State, for the members of our State Legislature the judges of our courts, and all officers who are appointed to guard our political welfare, that thus they may be enabled to discharge their respective duties with honesty and justice. We recommend to Thee our brethren and fellow-citizens of all classes throughout the United States that they may be sanctified by the observance of Thy holy laws, and that they may be preserved in peace and unity in time, and admitted hereafter to enjoy that peace and happiness which are eternal. We have assembled to-day in Thy name, O God of mercy, that we may recount these Thy blessings and thus enkindle in our hearts, love and gratitude towards Thee, the "Giver of all good gifts," and stir up in our hearts the spirit of patriotism and love of our country which, after Thee, should be the dearest object of our love. Decorating with the choicest flowers the graves of our fallen heroes helps to remind us of the great value of our Government and country, by reflecting on the great price paid for them by those whose bones lie beneath these flowers. Grant us, O Lord, the help of Thy grace to profit by each "Decoration Day" as it passes that its duties may not be to us empty ceremonies. Finally, we pray Thee, O God of goodness, to have mercy on the souls of our fallen heroes who have gone before us with the sign of faith that they may repose in the bosom of eternal peace and happiness. We pray, in a special manner for all those who have given their lives that the Nation might live; for those who forever left sweet homes and dear relatives—*homes* consecrated by the sweet memory and associations of childhood, *relatives*, weeping mothers and sisters—to face blazing cannons in the dread storm of battle, and thus willingly offered their lives to purchase freedom and a united country which they left as a legacy to future generations. O Lord, grant that the precious lives which they gave to purchase temporal blessings for us may procure for themselves those blessings that are eternal. May we never forget them in the enjoyment of the blessings which their patriotism has purchased for us. Amen.

After the prayer Rev. Father Morrissey introduced the Hon. B. F. Shively, Member of Congress from this district, who delivered an eloquent and patriotic address from which we present the following extracts:

"Our heroes performed that duty; they did it well. They made the last debt to nature the measure of their devotion to the Union, and bravely discharged the obligation. The union of the states was preserved. Every star in the bright constellation traces its heraldry unbroken to the great source of its light. The power of all is the

power of each; the glory of all is the glory of each; the destiny of all is the destiny of each. History furnishes no instance of vaster human interests put to the hazard, nor does it record a result more vitally fortunate for the struggling millions of mankind. . . .

"The dual yet identical character of citizen and soldier attaching to our heroes marks the vast distinction between them and the venal brigand of the sixteenth century, or the mere mercenary instrument of despotism of to-day. The American soldier is not the product of a day, a generation or of a century. He is not summoned into being by act of Congress, the call of a president or the process of the master. He is a growth, not a creation. The men who wrung the Magna Charta from the unwilling hand of King John, the men who announced the Declaration of American Independence, the men who recently banished the last representative of monarchy from the New World, did not by these acts acquire their freedom: they enforced these concessions because they were already free, and as pledges to the future. Freedom is an intellectual and moral enfranchisement. This is the nursery of the American soldier. His genealogy runs in unbroken strain through a thousand years. His heraldry is the proud march of freedom. His traditions are those of liberty. He has a glorious galaxy of martyrs to his faith. He stands an embattled pledge to the principles, the morals and the manners of a free people. He represents in his person home, kindred, country, life, liberty and law. Whether yielding up his spirit by the blood-stained waters of the Brandywine, routing the bronzed veterans of the wars of the Peninsula at New Orleans, flaunting the Stars and Stripes from the halls of the Montezumas, or charging amid shot and scrapnell up cannon-crested Missionary Ridge, he is the same incarnation of those indomitable qualities, those heroic virtues which have tempered the soldiers and marked the sponsors to human freedom wherever in the world's history it has seen the light. It would be a poor compliment to our honored dead to belittle the bravery of those whom they met in battle. American met American as Greek met Greek. It is sufficient to know that if in the mutations of human affairs a call to arms should ever again be sounded, that matchless valor, that heroic endurance, that undying fortitude, attending both sides in that long struggle, will be at the command of a united country in defense of a common flag. . . .

"By reason of an unfortunate occurrence in a Southern city the lines of diplomacy were recently cast with menacing aspect between our own and a foreign government. The telegraph soon thereafter informed us that that foreign government has a well disciplined army and a splendidly equipped navy. But what is more significant, the wire likewise informed us that that nation is staggering under a vast national debt, is paralyzed by the exactions of taxation, is honeycombed with secret political conspiracy and intrigue, and the population, impoverished and disheartened, by the thousands seeking asylums in other lands. This government on the other hand is anchored securely in the hearts of sixty-five millions of freemen. Its material resources have not been wasted in time of peace by vast military and naval establishments. Its reserve power has not been dissipated by causeless wars. Back of it stand seven million men capable of bearing arms, each with a direct proprietary interest in its laws, its homes and its flag. To the foreign premier, who is answerable to his country and to history for his acts, and who contemplates the probable end rather than the beginning of a war, this spectacle speaks with an eloquence more terrible than all the armies and navies of Europe. An army sufficient to safeguard our western frontiers, a navy of proportions ample for the purposes of diplomacy, and the rest left to the militia of the states is the policy suggested by prudence and vindicated by experience. Such a policy justifies the genius of our institutions which ranks martial glory in the abstract as the passion of barbarism. It emphasizes the doctrine that large military and naval establishments in times of peace are the proofs of corrupted conscience and criminal intent. It blazes the way for that advancing public opinion which long since abolished litigation by the judicial combat to compel governments to submit

their causes to arbitration by an assize of nations on the principles of peace, justice and morality.

"There are thoughts that press in on the mind on occasions like this that are beyond the reach of words. The comradeship of arms, the communion of the camp, the march, the field, have a language of their own. Grief, anguish, desolation—those sombre characters that people the heart in times of war—are their own interpreters. Words have but little meaning to the fond regrets and tender recollections of this hour. We turn to the graves of the honored dead. Let loyal hands strew immortelles above their sacred dust! Let the deft fingers of love wreath the tomb in myrtle and in vine! The chastening ceremony is our benediction, not theirs. The immortelles will droop and die. The myrtle and vine will wither and fade. Even the marble shaft will yield to the corroding touch of time. All reminds us that there is naught permanent in this world but change, and that the highest tribute to the dead is a new consecration to the principles for which our heroes gave up their lives. The ranks of those who twenty-six years ago marched in silent tread from the turmoil of war to the occupations of peace are shortening each day. The youngest soldier of the army of the Union has passed the meridian of life. His hair is whitening with the snows that never melt. One after another of his comrades approaches the picket lines of eternity amid that gloom where there is no light to guide save the torch of hope in the hands of the Infinite. But whether the scarred veterans are left to us, or whether they have joined the special columns on 'fame's eternal battle ground,' we are admonished by their sacrifices of our obligations to our country. To meet the great problem of the hour, to cherish the substance as well as the forms of popular liberty, to preserve it from the lust of power and the corruption of greed, to keep it secure amid the shock of political forces and the revolution of economic systems, is the solemn trust committed to this generation. The times are auspicious to free institutions. The last representative of despotism has taken his exit from the New World. He was the mildest, gentlest, noblest of his class. But the virtuous fact was no compensation for the vicious principle. The revolution was bloodless and without jar or discord. It only proves how ripe was the fruit on the tree of liberty. The age is growing more pacific. The tide of popular liberty is on, and we may turn from these graves to-day with confidence and hope to welcome the twilight of the coming century on a larger intellectual, moral and civil enfranchisement of the race."

* * *

When Mr. Shively had concluded, the decoration of the soldiers' graves took place, while appropriate music was discoursed by the College Band. Then the procession resumed its line of march College-wards, and the exercises of a memorable day were at an end..

Obituary.

—The sad news of the death of MR. JAMES CUNNEA, of Chicago, reached us during the week. The deceased was graduated with the Class of '69, after four years spent in the University, during which time he was distinguished among the students as one of the brightest and most popular of his class. He was in the forty-second year of his age at the time of his death, which occurred on the 30th ult., after a lingering illness. To the afflicted relatives the many friends of the departed at Notre Dame extend their sincere sympathy in their bereavement. May he rest in peace!

—MR. THOMAS CLANCY, an old and esteemed

resident of Notre Dame, departed this life on last Thursday night—the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart for which he had a special devotion. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- The quire did nobly.
- How about strawberries?
- Championship yesterday.
- Brook* has many lines in it.
- Archconfraternity to-morrow.
- Bro. E. has fifteen new penmen.
- How about "Fatty" as a swimmer?
- Skive in haste, and repent at leisure.
- The "old settler" wears the medal this week.
- The first platoon fires well without orders.
- Oratorical contest next Wednesday evening.
- Our weather-prophet says there will be fifty-two (52) rains during this summer.
- The drilling of the companies during the ceremonies last Sunday was very fine.
- The SCHOLASTIC would like to know why Sunday's weather had such an attraction for many Senior students?
- We missed the grand naval display which in former years was such a pleasing feature as the procession of the Blessed Sacrament wound its way around the lake.
- Rev. M. Egan, O. P., of St. Paul, Minn., is passing a few days at Notre Dame on a pleasant, welcome visit to Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., his old-time friend and fellow-chaplain in the Army of the Potomac.
- One of the features of the procession on Sunday was the music discoursed by the University Band, under the direction of Rev. Father Mohun. The selections were both appropriate and well rendered.
- Yesterday (Friday) was the Festival of the Sacred Heart—one of the patronal festivals of the Congregation. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the college church by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby.
- Rev. Vice-President Zahm, who accompanied Very Rev. Father General to Europe, is now on his way home to take part in the preparations for Commencement, and is expected to arrive during the coming week.
- The arches that lined the route of the procession were greatly admired by all, especially one between the College and the Infirmary, and two north of the Infirmary, which were particularly attractive in their appointments.
- Messrs. Moses, S. & J. Livingston, of South Bend, have left a beautiful medal with the Senior Base-ball Association to be given to the captain of the team winning the championship this year. These enterprising gentlemen have always been friends of the students, and this

gift is but a repetition of favors done in former years.

—The invasion of the College premises by cyclists and pleasure-seekers generally has made it necessary to put up additional safeguards from intrusion. It is very likely that a gate will be placed between the Infirmary and the Main Building, and another at the beginning of the road on the southwest corner of the church. Visitors are always welcome, but the line must be drawn at trespassers on private property.

—BOAT CLUB.—Both the four and six-oared crews are hard at work and the prospects for fine races at commencement are very good.—Charlie says he has "got tired" of being coxswain, and will hereafter devote his leisure hours to tennis and base-ball.—Woods prefers the quiet of the campus to the noisy boat-house.—"Walter" says he will not swim any more. He gets wet.—"O'B., our best poet, has written one hundred verses upon the evils of boating. If possible we will secure this gem in verse for our next issue.

—One day last week the genial Professor of Geology took his class out to study the marl formations near St. Mary's Lake. An open air meeting was held and important questions were discussed. It was concluded that the lake was of glacier origin. W. O'Brien calculated the decrease in the amount of lake-water each year by differential calculus, and O. Rothert propounded a theory which satisfactorily accounted for the existence of boulders in the surrounding region. O. Sullivan made an estimate of the thickness of the marl stratum. P. Murphy summarized all the work done by the class in a treatise on "Petrology." By general consent the office of "specimen carrier" was conferred upon J. Ready. It is hoped that the kind Professor will not forget that the trip was greatly enjoyed by all.

—"It is a cold day when we get left." Such is the motto of M. McGrath's winning team of *Reds*, and a truthful one it has proven to be. Mr. McGrath, with the assistance of his spirited team of colts, cancelled their lead pipe cinch on Thursday afternoon by winning the last game of the championship series. The *Reds* put up their usual strong game, and played into each other's hands in the most approved method. McGrath, as usual, received good support behind the bat and in the field. Dechant, in particular, made some fine catches that would have been base hits had a less active fielder been placed there. Barring the fifth inning, it was the finest exhibition of ball playing seen on the second nine diamond this year. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
REDS:—	1	0	0	8	0	2	2	0	=14
BLUES:—	0	3	2	0	2	0	0	0	=7

—The military companies are indebted to the endeavors of their chaplain, Father Regan, in preparing for them a very entertaining musical reception which took place on the evening of

Memorial Day in the main parlor of the University. Among the guests were a number of visitors from the city, whose presence contributed largely to the success of the occasion. The main feature of the evening was the musical programme furnished by Miss Helen Robinson, Mr. F. H. Robe, Mr. Richard and Master Louis Elbel and the University String Quartette. The solos by Miss Robinson met with especial favor and applause. Miss Robinson's is a cultivated voice, rich, mellow, sympathetic and pleasing, which at once captivates the ears of the audience. Mr. Robe's is a very easy and agreeable tenor which he seems to have under full control. But in the duet between Miss Robinson and Mr. Robe they exhibited their powers to their best advantage. The blending of the two voices produced a most charming effect. To the singing Mr. Richard Elbel furnished the accompaniment on the piano. Master Louis Elbel, though only eleven years of age, rendered on the piano the most difficult music with remarkable execution. His touch is at present light, and his fingering perfect; he gives promise of attaining a high degree of skill as a pianist. All agree that the programme was fully and worthily appreciated. Such entertainments should be of frequent occurrence, as they have a very refining influence upon the students, especially at this period of their lives. This is the first attempt of the kind and should be encouraged.

—THE PICNIC OF THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETIES.—Thursday, May 28, dawned as usual with the sun rising in the east and the old rule not giving place to any new one; but towards half-past nine a short string of neat wagonettes drew into the grounds, and the scattered population began to gather in excited crowds. "The Philodemics and Columbians are going to turn farmers," was the startling news that went the rounds, and was confirmed when the aforesaid associations piled into the rigs, and pleasantly gave themselves up to their fate. Without waiting for life insurance agents to get wind of their daring event, the aspen leaf crowd pulled out of the park—which, by the way, should be *parque* or garden—into the highway of life, and soon disappeared from scientific eyes and telescopic vision behind a cloud of hoosier dust. What sorrows they experienced on their outward journey need not be recorded beyond the fact that the genial Director was discovered hidden under a rather large, cheap and secular-looking hat, and immediately taken in charge by J. B. and his rig of would-be politicians and base-ball fiends. Loud calls for "Farewell, Genevieve!" were made, but the operatic poet was wrestling with a "two fur," and could not see the air on account of the dusty atmosphere. Of course, the journey came to an end; and, having safely passed the Grand Trunk path, the overlaiden rigs drew into the Farm and were welcomed by Father O'Hanlon in his noted happy style.

Then, as on all previous occasions, the good boys started off to explore regions unknown.

Charlie G. had an admiring throng of base-ball men around him, and he eloquently disclosed a scheme he had; forth came the bat, ball and glove, and a field of proper dimensions was looked for. Shorty went out to examine the crops, and obtained the startling information that a little rain would do them good. McKee began trying his pranks, but having no audience, quit. Hank made himself popular by grinning, but J. F. Sullivan, beating him, obtained the desired popularity. The bell for dinner interrupted many wonderful proceedings; Tivy, and Ap were guying Hank, and the latter was guying the ball. Cavy had a weather eye on the water tank and was dreaming of an afternoon sleep; while the poet was studying the growing peas called apples in order to run their greenness into a sonnet. Everyone soon came on time and the crowd wound their way to the dining hall and soon the ratter-clatter of knives and forks, the quick and hungry slap of teeth lent their charms to the viand-laden air. Thin men soon gained startling proportions, while the fat ones paid dearly for their starving trouble. An international eating match took place at one of the tables—unnecessary to mention the contestants—and the “Graduates’ cake,” by its excellency proved the fallacy of that famous poem. Short remarks were made by Fathers O’Hanlon and O’Neill and Professor Gallagher, after which all waddled out for an hour when the races of the day took place.

The first race, the wheelbarrow, was a remarkable event, owing to the large number of entries and only two wheelbarrows, they ran in heats, Messrs. Ragan and Lonergan running a tight finish in the second heat; both were blindfolded and squared off. “Go” was given, and off they started. Lonergan semi-circled around behind the starting point, and after racing for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour—more or less—was picked up by the Patrol cart five miles south of the finish; Ragan finished in a ditch and, overcome by grief, laid him down to die. In the egg race John Lesner was presented with a yellow-hearted dandelion on his only white shirt, while the shell fell harmless on the ground. The results were as follows:

Wheelbarrow race: E. Du Brul (1), P. Fleming (2). *Sack race:* L. Sanford (1), T. McConlogne (2). *Potato race:* 1st heat: F. McKee; 2d heat: G. Lancaster. *Egg race:* Ahlrichs. *Three-legged race:* L. Sanford and F. McKee. Tug of war between Columbians and Philodemics: won by the latter. 100 yard dash: 1st race, N. J. Sinnott; 2d race, J. Manly; 3d race, T. King; 4th race, J. McKee.

Drawing their weary bones together, the gentlemen strolled into a lunch of ice-cream and cake, while the equilibrium of the day was overturned by speeches from Messrs. Sullivan, Manly, Gillon, O’Brien and Berry. To the sorrow of all, it was time now to return, and reluctantly the hayseed turned from his gladsome occupation to return to civilization; all rolled into their rigs with heavy hearts and stomachs, and even the heavens sighed for them but missed its balance and wept. Cheers were given for Father O’Hanlon and the good folks at the Farm, and

the avalanche rolled out into the public road. Quick time was made home, the trip being enlivened by songs, cheers and several unearthly noises; but be it as it may, N. D. was reached, and tired bodies dropped listlessly on the ground, but with their last efforts groaning out their gratitude to Father O’Neill and Prof. Gallagher. In fact, they would have embraced all who in any way contributed to make their day one of the happiest of the scholastic year. “*Vive la Fernie!*” so say all.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, L. Chute, F. Chute, Daniels, Du Brul, Fitzgibbon, Gillon, Hummer, Hoover, Lonergan, P. Murphy, J. McGrath, Neef, O’Neill, O’Brien, Paquette, Schaack, O. Sullivan, N. Sinnott, E. Scheerer, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Brown, Cassidy, Castenado, Correll, Combe, Coady, Corrigan, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Chilcote, Dechant, Devanny, Dunlap, Delany, Frizzelle, T. Flanagan, Franks, Green, Heard, Hauskee, Houlihan, Johnson, Kearns, J. King, M. Kelly, Karasynski, T. King, E. Kelly, Kennedy, Layton, Lorie, Langan, M. Mozier, McGrath, Manly, Maurus, Magnus, McAuliff, F. McKee, J. McKee, McConlogue, McGonigle, Miller, McErlain, F. Murphy, McCallan, F. Moshier, F. McCabe, McGinnis, Newman, Olde, O’Shea, Otero, S. O’Brien, Powers, Phillips, Ragan, Stanton, J. F. Sullivan, Scholfield, Spalding, Vurpillat, Vidal, Vital, Weakland, White, Yenn, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Anson, Bergland, Burns, Ball, E. Bates, B. Bates, Brady, Bachrach, Boyd, Brown, Beaud, Bower, Blumenthal, Casey, Chassaing, Cole, Carney, Collman, Coe, Connelly, Collins, Coll, Cummings, Corry, Cheney, Cahn, Clarke, Dion, Drumm, Dorsey, Delany, Dempsey, Dierkes, Dolan, Eagan, Ellwanger, Foley, Farrell, Falk, Flannigan, Alfred Funke, Arthur Funke, Fleming, Fales, Gibert, G. Gilbert, Gibson, Girsch, Gerlach, Grund, J. Greene, A. Greene, Des Garennes Hill, Hagus, Hahn, Hack, Hake, Hannin, Jackson, Keogh, Kearney, Kick, Kennedy, Kaumeyer, Langevin, Leonard, Luther, Lorie, La Moure, H. Mitchell, Mattox, Morrison, Molitor, Monarch, Marr, Miller, Murphy, Minor, McCartney, W. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, MacLeod, Miles, O’Neill, O’Rourke, O’Meara, Orton, R. Palmer, Prichard, Pope, Quinlan, Russell, Renesch, Roper, A. Regan, W. Regan, Rend, Shimp, Slevin, Scallen, Smith, Sutter, Sullivan, Scheiffele, Suess, Traff, Tong, Teeter, Thornton, Thome, Tod, Thomas, Wellington, Weinman, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Yingst, Yates, Zinn, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD’S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Ayers, F. Brown, O. Brown, Blake, Blumenthal, Burns, Bixby, Christ, Curry, Croke, Corry, E. Crepeau, O. Crepeau, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Cornell, Cross, Coon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Chapoton, S. Donnell, L. Donnell, Durand, Drant, Everest, Ezekiel, Fuller, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, B. Freeman, Fossick, J. Freeman, Fischer, W. Finnerty, Funke, Gavin, Griesheimer, Girsch, Hoffman, Hathaway, Higginson, Howell, Jonquet, Jones, Kern, Keeler, Krollman, King, Kuehl, Kinney, E. LaMoure, Loughran, Lawton, Lee, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Langevin, Loomis, W. LaMoure, Lounsbery, Londoner, Lonergan, Langley, Levi, McIntyre, McCarthy, Maternes, McPhillips, Marre, MacLeod, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, McGinley, Nichols, Otero, O’Connor, O’Neill, Paul, Platts, Patier, Pellenz, Pieser, Ransome, Russell, Roesing, Ronning, Rose, G. Scheerer, W. Scheerer, Stone, Steele, Stephens, Thomas, Trankle, Trujillo, Vorhang, Washburne, Wilcox, Warburton, B. White, Windmuller, Wolf, Young, Zoehrlaut.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The sermons at the devotions for the closing week of May were by Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, Rev. Fathers Hudson and Cooney, and were each calculated to intensify that loving homage to our Blessed Mother which should find a place in every Christian heart.

—A welcome letter from Very Rev. Father General to the pupils conveys the pleasing intelligence of good health and general well-being. The princesses, always dear to his heart, were also made happy by a letter penned by his venerable hand, and all eagerly await the welcome news of his being homeward bound.

—"Will the Commencement hall be ready for occupancy?" is the all-absorbing question of the day. On the principle that people readily believe what they most desire shall happen, many are hopeful on the subject; and in point of fact, never was the progress of a building watched with greater eagerness than the one in question. Every brick flies to its place to the accompaniment of a sigh of relief, especially from those who hope to shed their farewell tears within its walls.

—The examinations of the theoretical classes in music, conducted by the Directress of that department, took place on last Saturday evening. The intimate acquaintance with the "short-hand characters" employed in music, the ease with which the pupils explained intricacies of of time, accent, rhythm and the touch requisite for interpreting certain passages in musical compositions, showed something more than a mere surface knowledge of the laws that govern this great art.

—Not the least of the good work done by the Class of '91 is the preparation of really beautiful herbariums, and many of the prettiest specimens found therein are the lowly wild flowers that bloom along the banks of the St. Joe. As one turned the leaves of the books, pages from which looked out lovely violets met the eye; again, fragile anemones graced another leaf. The blue bells of the Greek Valerian still kept their beauty; but loveliest of all were the dainty maiden hair ferns, outlined in all their exquisite delicacy against the white background of the page. Thus among the other tangible tokens carried away on leaving St. Mary's by the members of the Class of '91 will be these daintily prepared books, that, as with flower chains, will bind them to the past.

—The exceptional advantages afforded the pupils during the year just drawing to a close, in the way of lectures from the eminent and the talented, have, indeed, borne good fruit. This was well shown last Wednesday at the reading of the criticisms by the members of the Graduating class, who did themselves and their instructors honor by the creditable productions read before the board of examiners. The sound

judgment and nice appreciation of strong points in the works of such authors as Wiseman, Dickens, Ruskin, Newman and others, show that the writers have cultivated a correct literary taste with an individual style of expression, carrying with it a peculiar charm. The young ladies were honored by the presence of Rev. Father O'Neill, C. S. C., and Prof. M. F. Egan, writers whose literary reputation is too well established to need comment.

—The event of last week was the lecture on "Travels" by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, Illinois. Those whose good fortune it was to hear this celebrated divine, on the occasion of his last visit to St. Mary's, were eager for the intellectual feast so temptingly spread before them on the morning of May 28. After an exordium peculiarly fine, the orator dwelt upon the benefits to be derived from visits to world-renowned localities, and showed that the sublimest objects in nature lack a rare charm, when disconnected with human interests. Then followed in rapid succession, word pictures of scenes and places famous in song and story, which to the absorbed auditors were only a little short of vision itself. New and striking thoughts, grace of diction and delivery combined to render the lecture a rare mental treat.

—The solemnity of the great feast of Corpus Christi was duly celebrated on Sunday, the 31st ult., with Solemn High Mass at 8 a. m., Rev. Father Scherer celebrant, and Rev. Fathers Hudson and French deacon and subdeacon. Immediately after Vespers an appropriate and logical discourse was delivered by Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., after which the procession filed out of the chapel, and wound its way to the respective altars tastefully arranged on the grounds, from which Benediction was given to the kneeling worshippers. It was a beautiful sight, and one that earnestly appealed to the believing heart, to behold our Divine Lord—the humble and meek—veiled in the Sacrament of His love and borne amid His children to bless all, even as when of old He walked by the blue waters of Galilee. Everything seemed to unite in a fitting observance of the day from the beautiful altars, graceful arches and lovely flowers to the harmonious chanting, as the procession moved along the leafy walks. On returning to the chapel a final Benediction was given which closed the ceremonies of Corpus Christi for 1891. The following clergymen appeared in the procession: Very Rev. Father Corby, Rev. Fathers Walsh, Hudson, L'Etourneau, French, O'Neill, Scherer, Mohun, P. O'Connell and Connor.

Address to Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding.

Welcome, welcome to St. Mary's!
Welcome to this calm retreat,
Where the charms of mother Nature
Linger at loved Mary's feet.
Could you read our hearts, dear Bishop,
Then our joy would be complete.

There are days in peaceful youth-tide,
When our spirit, all athrill
With the happiness of childhood,
Bids the world of thought be still,
That the voice of Heaven may whisper
Words of strength for heart and will.

And these words of strength, dear Bishop,
Words of heaven beyond earth's art,
Are among the precious treasures
God's vicegerents may impart;
And they linger as sweet incense
In the memory of the heart.

Well we mind us of your earnest,
Thrilling words in days gone by,
When our hearts were moved to purpose,
And our souls to longings high,
While responsive to your key-note,
"Onward upward!" was our cry.

We remember that you told us
Woman's true and noble sphere
Is attained through highest culture,
And her power to bless and cheer
Is but strengthened, when her spirit
Raises souls to Heaven more near.

Far and wide your name is carried
On the wings of truth and right;
East and west your pen has banished
Evils born of darksome night,—
Night of ignorance, whose shadow
Flees before Faith's deathless light.

Close the trees around St. Mary's
Hide the busy world from view;
But between the swaying leaflets,
Leaves have come that told of you,
And our hearts rejoice, dear Bishop,
In the triumph of the true.

Ah! how eager are our longings
As we gladly welcome you,
That in years still veiled from vision
You may find us firm and true,
Wearing womanhood's best laurels,
Not regret's sad wreath of rue.

Those who make our *Alma Mater*
Dear to every faithful heart,
Well have traced our youthful pathway,
Well and nobly done their part;
And have led us to the Altar,
There to learn the only art.

At that Altar, humbly kneeling,
In this lovely month of May
We shall not forget, dear Bishop,
For your weal to warmly pray
That our Mother's sweet protection,
May in love illumine your way.

This our welcome, this our promise,
Gratefully we offer you:
Every word is fraught with reverence,
To your consecration due.
Every word affection proffers
From your friends both old and new.

Your devoted Children,

THE PUPILS OF ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,

NOTRE DAME, IND., May 29, 1891.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Allen, Balch, Buck, Bassett, Bero, Bunbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, A. Butler, M. Byrnes, Black, Bogart, Clarke, Currier, Coleman, Charles, E. Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Crilly, Call, Carpenter, Crane, Dority, Dennison, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, D. Davis, Dempsey, Donehue, Margaret Donehue, Mary Donehue, Dougherty, Daley, Eisenstäedt, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, M. Galvin, Good, Grauman, Hamilton, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Minnie Hess, Mollie Hess, Maude Hess, Holmes, Hutchinson, Hopkins, D. Johnson, T. Kimmell, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, G. Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, Leahey, F. Moore, McFarland, K. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, M. Murphy, Murison, McCormack, McCune, McPhillips, McCarthy, E. Murphy, Nacey, Nester, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, O. O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Quinlan, Quinn, A. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Root, Rizer, Ryder, Robinson, Spurgeon, Smyth, Sanford, Sena, Tipton, Tod, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Wile, Witkowsky, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. G. Bachrach, M. Burns, Crandall, M. Davis, B. Davis, Fossick, B. Germain, Gilmore, Girsch, K. Hamilton, Hammond, Hickey, L. Holmes, C. Kasper, Kelly, Mestling, O'Mara, Reeves, Shaffer, Scherrer, Schaefer, Seeley, J. Smyth, F. Soper, S. Smyth, A. Tormey, Van Liew, Wurzburg, E. Wagner, White, C. Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Hamilton, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, Windsor, Young.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS.—Misses Balch, K. Hurley, Hurff, C. Hurley, Currier, Horner, Van Mourick, N. Morse, Clarke, McFarland, F. Moore, O'Brien.

1ST SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Adelsperger, K. Morse, Nickel, Thirds, Wile, Nacey, Fitzpatrick, E. Murphy, L. Nester, Crane, D. Johnson, Quealy.

2D SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Bassett, E. Dennison, Gibbons, Haitz, Howe, Hughes, Lynch, M. Moynahan, M. Murphy, A. Ryan, C. Ryan.

3D SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Bero, Bunbury, R. Butler, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, D. Davis, Donehue, Eisenstäedt, Green, Kimmell, Lauth, Ludwig, Kirley, M. Moore, Murison, Patier, Pugsley, Quinlan, G. Roberts, Sanford, M. Smyth, Zahm, Robinson, Burns, A. Tormey, Reeves.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses M. Byrnes, Brady, O'Mara, A. Cooper, Carpenter, Galvin, Good, Grauman, Maude Hess, M. Hess, L. Holmes, Hutchinson, Kinney, Kiernan, McCormack, McCune, N. Moore, Mullaney, M. Roberts, E. Seeley, H. Van Mourick, Witkowski, Clifford, N. Wurzburg, Soper.

2D PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses A. Butler, Bogart, G. Cowan, Dougherty, Evoy, Kieffer, Fitzsimmons, Niemann, C. O'Brien, Ripley, Rizer, Root, Rose, Tipton, Tod, Wolffe, L. Young, M. Bachrach, B. Davis, Gilmore, Hammond, Meskill, S. Smyth, A. Seeley, E. Wagner, M. Davis.

3D PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Hopkins, A. McPhillips, Ryder, Sena.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses L. Adelsperger, Bartholomew, Culp, Cowan, Doble, Fossick, B. Germain, P. Germain, C. Hamilton, L. Holmes, Hickey, Kellner, E. Smyth, C. Young.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS.—Misses M. G. Bachrach, Schaefer, Schaffer, Smyth, White, Windsor.

2D JUNIOR CLASS.—Misses McLaughlin, L. Mestling, Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, M. Hamilton, McKenna, L. McPhillips, Otero, Girsch, N. Young.